Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cocke.
Some ſay that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes,
Wherein our Saviours birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning ſingeth all night long,
And then they ſay no ſpirit dares ſtirre abroad,
The nights are wholſome; then no Planets ſtrike,
No Fairy takes, no witch hath power to charme;
So hallowed and ſo gracious is that time.
Hor. So have I heard, and doe in part beleeve it:
But looke, the morne in ruſſet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dew of yon high Eaſtward hill:
Breake we our watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have ſeene to night
Unto young *Hamlet*; for upon my life
This ſpirit dumbe to us will ſpeake to him.
Doe you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let's doo't I pray; and I this morning know
Where we ſhall finde him moſt convenient. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrad the Queene, Councell, as Polonius, and his ſonne Laertes, Hamlet, cum aliis.

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere brothers death
The memory be greene, and that it us befitted
To beare our hearts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet ſo farre hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelves:
Therefore our ſometime Siſter, now our Queene,
Th' Imperiall jointreſſe to this warlike State,
Have we as 'twere with a defeated joy,
With an auſpicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,
In equall ſcale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife, nor have we herein barr'd

Your